THE

Fair Sex vindicated.

YE railers and ſnarlers who envy the fair,
'Cauſe poſſeſt of more goodneſs than falls to you ſhare,
Attend to my ſong, and I clearly will prove,
If we're grateful or juſt, the dear ſex we muſt love.

When inclin'd to the ſpleen, but one moment reflect,
On who groan'd for your birth, ſure you can't but reſpect
Thoſe dear creatures, who ſuffer thoſe exquiſite pains,
For ungrateful man, who when rear'd, them diſdains.

View the marriage ſtate, to its praiſe twill redound,
If the huſband's a ſot, ſtill the wife will be found
Both ſober and careful, and minds the main chance,
Whilſt the unthinking huſband doth to alehouſes prance.

But when your exceſſes have ſhorten'd your breath,
When confin'd to your bed, and in proſpect of death,
Then tell me, who'll ſtrive your afflictions to mend,
Who then is your conſtant affectionate friend?

Tis no ſottiſh companion, I'm ſure, who's advice
Has ruin'd your children, and cheer'd you in vice,
But tis your beſt friend, your affectionate wife,
Who values your health as ſhe values her life.

Then take my advice, and to make them amends,
Inſtead of deſpiſing, careſs the dear friends.
Uſe women with kindneſs the reſt of your lives,
Be you but good huſbands you'll ne'er want good wives.